

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Enter King Henry.

King. How now *Buckingham*, is *Yorke* friends with vs,
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

Buck. He is my Lord, and hath discharg'd his troopes,
Which came with him, but as your Grace did say,
To heaue the Duke of *Somerfet* from hence,
And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

King. Then welcome cousin *Yorke*, giue me thy hand,
And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,
Against those traiterous Irish that rebeld.

Enter Master Eyden with Iacke Cades head.

Eyden. Long liue King *Henry* in triumphant peace,
Loe heere my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I heere present the traiterous head of *Cade*,
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

King. First thanks to heauen, and next to thee my friend,
That hast subdued that wicked traitor thus.
Oh let me see that head that in his life
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,
Presageth warlike humors in his life.
Heere take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created Knight.

Kneele downe my friend, and tell me what's thy name?

Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it please your Grace,
A poore Esquire of Kent.

King. Then rise vp *Alexander Eyden*, Knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme reward that was proclaim'd,
For those that could performe this worthy acte,
And thou shalt waite vpon the person of the King.

Eyden. I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iust and loyall to my King.

Exit.
Enter

Yorke and Lancaster

Enter the Queene with the Duke of

King. O *Buckingham*, see where *Somer*
Bid him go hide himselfe till *Yorke* be gone.

Queen. He shall not hide himselfe for feare
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

Yorke. Who's that, proud *Somer* at l
Base fearefull *Henry* that thus dishonor'd
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here
Nor will I subiect be to such a King.

That knowes not how to gouerne nor to
Resigne thy Crowne proud *Lancaster* to
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is *Yorke* resolu'd to claime his owne
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throne.

Somer. Proud traitor, I arrest thee on high
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee
For heere I swear thou shalt vnto the To
For these proud words which thou hast g

King. Thou art deceiu'd, my sonnes shall
And send thee there in despight of him.
Hoe, where are you boyes?

Queene. Call *Clifford* hither presently.

*Enter the Duke of Yorkes sonnes, Edward t
crooke-backe Richard at the one doore, with
at the other doore, enter Clifford and his s
Soldiours, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, an
Cliff.* Long liue my noble Lord, and sou
Yorke. We thanke thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy looks,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kne

Cliff. Why, I did no way mistake, this i
What is he mad? To bedlam with him.

King. I, a bedlam franticke humor driu
To leuie armes against his lawfull King.

Cliff. Why doth not your grace send him

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